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 SQUARE.

RECOUNTING THE CITY.

The work of recounting the New York City population will begin next week. Like most things in this town which involve an activity looking to correction or reform, the re-enumeration of this city has been a little slow in coming, but since it has come soon enough there need be no complaint.

The count will be made by houses. This is especially useful, as it will afford some idea of what the needs of human beings many of the tenement-houses are. Mr. Porter is prepared to state that the increase of population in this city and its suburbs was forty per cent., while the city alone showed an augment of twenty-five per cent. This shows how the suburban parts of the metropolitan district are growing. People get crowded out of the town proper and have to live in the neighborhood. This is not too inconvenient with the present means of transportation, but if some effective rapid transit could be secured to New York City it would be almost an advantage to live far, rather than in, the city. Rents are lower, there is more quiet and the air is better than in the crowded town.

Let this census be accurate and carried out in a way to secure every point of information in regard to the population of New York City which can be desired.

A GREAT BENEFIT.

Consumption is the sharpest sickle which the grim reaper Death employs. It is a terrible disease—lingering, insidious, playing with its victim as a cat does with a mouse, and obtruding on the sympathetic eyes of friends the harrowing spectacle of a slowly disintegrating human frame and a persistent but delusive hope of recovery.

He who can learn the secret of healing which may snatch humanity from the sluggish jaws of this dreadful disease will have earned the title of benefactor to the race. Dr. Kocn, a German physician, thinks he has discovered a remedy for consumption. His theory is the inoculation of phthisical patients.

He will begin experiments with his theory on human lungs afflicted with tuberculosis. It is to be hoped that the fullest measure of success awaits him. If anybody can ferret out the cure of this subtle disease it ought to be a German. The Teutonic mind is strong, clear and dogged in its researches.

ROYAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

It is undoubtedly true that one's expenditure should be in keeping with one's station in life and one's income. Persons with enormous fortunes should keep a goodly amount of money in circulation. It does good to the poorer people.

There are hundreds of ways of doing this sort of extravagance. A very liberal expenditure does not necessarily mean any touch of extravagance, and is, in fact, sometimes a vice. It certainly is such when a person gets so heavily involved in debt as to have to go into bankruptcy and offer his creditors a miserable percentage on their debts.

A Prince ALBERT WALDECK and his wife having piled up a neat little indebtedness of one million dollars offer 30 per cent., and creditors are only too glad to get this much. Extravagance like this is robbery. Why should poor, honest tradespeople be mulcted to pay for the reckless money-spending of persons with small brains and large titles? It is wrong.

A good old French lady recently celebrated her one hundred and eleventh birthday with much sprightly vigor. Although she has begun her second century she has not lived long enough to weary of life. She ascribes her longevity to the use of wine. But where, oh where, did she get the antidote to weariness of soul?

Cholera in Siberia is a hard deal. The people living in this desolate country have little enough to make existence a charm without having toils accumulated in this way. One would suppose the average Siberian would only be too glad to die as a relief. But cholera is not an agreeable form of death.

That active old gentleman, Mr. GLADSTONE, has delivered an address on the technical training of artisans. Whether one indorses the views of the grand old man or not, he always puts them in a strong way and makes the most of them.

An late lieutenant in the German army backed his body servant with his sword, and the man is likely to die. Here is a beautiful opportunity for Kaiser WILHELM to make an object lesson of the officer.

The Baltimore has returned to his native shores the remains of that grand old genius, ENRIQUE. He is worthy of a monument here in America than many a one who is so commemorated.

Prince GEORGE is a dandy with his fists. This is a trump of a Prince.

A Suburban Dweller.

Portchester Palace—What is your friend Morrison Kees's present in life? It is a residence de Belleville—The 4, 13 A. M. rail.

SHOT IN THE NECK.

Yank Wilson, of the Village Gang, "Done" by a Saloon-Keeper.

Death the Certain Outcome of a Barroom Row.

End of a Bully's Reign of Terror on First Avenue.

William Wilson, better known on First Avenue as "Yank" Wilson, aged thirty-one, one of the shining lights of the "Village Gang," was shot and mortally injured in a midnight feud in the saloon at 500 First Avenue. The saloon-keeper, John Buggeln, shot him, as he claims, in self-defense. Wilson is lying in Bellevue Hospital and Buggeln is under arrest.

The police are waiting no pity on the dying man. They give him the bad reputation of an ex-convict, who has already served five years for stabbing a man. He is one of the leaders of the gang that disgraces that part of First Avenue, and has been in innumerable rows, the scars from which cover his body like the scales of a fish.

Wilson is a genuine "tough," with the build and strength of a young bull and all its vicious disposition. He married the sister of poor Joe Fogarty, the crippled Morgue-keeper who died a year or two ago.

Despite his record, Wilson was intrusted with the position of night watchman at the plant of the East River Electric Light Company, in Twenty-ninth Street, east of First Avenue. He lived at 340 East Thirtieth Street.

Buggeln's saloon, at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street, has been a sort of headquarters for Wilson. The German keeps as decent a place as a man can in such a locality. He got along well enough with the bully until he hired John McCauley, an ex-policeman, to tend bar for him. There is an old feud between McCauley and Wilson, and the latter tried to make the new place as unpleasant for his enemy as he could. He tried to raise a row there on half a dozen occasions when McCauley was behind the bar, and has, the latter says, repeatedly tried to do him up.

Wilson's temper was soured last night by finding another police enemy on the spot at midnight. Extraordinary William Crossett is a thorn in the flesh of the First Avenue toughs, who have repeatedly "tasted" his long night stick. A couple of months ago Crossett locked Wilson up. Last night when the latter saw him at the corner and his enemy the barkeeper in the saloon, he threatened, so it is said, to "do" one or the other before morning. Somebody was "done up," but not according to Wilson's programme.

Wilson had been trying all the day and evening to pick a quarrel with the ex-policeman behind the bar, but without success. McCauley was not to be trifled with, more forceful than he deserved, the police say.

A couple of months ago Crossett went off duty Wilson was drunk and ripe for a row. Buggeln, whom he ordinarily did not trouble, had to put him out of the saloon twice. Half an hour after midnight Wilson returned with John Becker, the foreman of the Electric Light Company, and demanded drinks. Before he had been in the saloon five minutes he was at his old tricks, and Buggeln warned him that he would go out heels over head to another saloon.

Wilson picked up a beer glass and threatened to brain the saloon-keeper, but before it flew from his hand Buggeln pulled a revolver from under the bar and shot him down.

Policeman Crossett heard the shot as he was standing across the avenue, and ran over. Wilson was on the floor, shot through the neck. Roundsmen Moran responded to the policeman's alarm, and Buggeln, who was in the saloon, was arrested. A charge of felonious assault was made against Buggeln, and the others were locked up "on suspicion," really as witnesses. They were William Curry, Becker, the foreman, Daniel Ryan, a letter-carrier, James Lyons, William O'Rourke and John Ryan. They all know Wilson.

The bully was stretched on a cot in Bellevue Hospital at 1 A. M. The bullet was found to have perforated the trachea and passed through the muscles alongside the spinal column. In its passage it had lacerated the windpipe.

At 1 A. M. the doctors performed the operation of tracheotomy, but without hope of saving the patient. Before day-break they called the coroner to hear such statement of the row as he might be able to make.

Buggeln was arraigned before Justice McManis, in the Yorkville Court, this forenoon, and committed without bail to await the result of Wilson's injuries.

SPOTLETS.

When the arrangements about net killing in Alaska waters are completed the seals will be completed, too.

Dr. Mary Walker has put in her petition to Government pants of emption. Suitable, this.

Asbury Park for a quiet place is pretty loud.

Prince George made a great hit in Montreal. He made enough of them to knock out three street ruffians. George, shake!

The earlier site upon the bank for the fish are scarce.

A branded peach can discount a branded man.

The Congressional Record may not be frank, but it is often franked.

A bishop ought to see further than a priest.

Sometimes delirious men are not so bad. Witness the Great Monument Design.

In spite of her lead the Enterprise is not a liquor.

WORLDINGS.

One of the witnesses in a case tried in the District Court of Austin, Tex., a few days ago was "Big Foot" Wallace, the noted scout and Indian slayer. He was lieutenant in Jack Hays's famous Texas regiment, and is credited with killing more Mexicans and Indians than any other man alive.

A monument to the memory of the late President of the United States was recently erected at the White House. It came as a gift to the President from a great manufacturer and a banker.

Two women of Houston, Tex.—Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Foster—announced one of the largest real estate firms in the South. Their sales for the last six months amounted to more than half a million dollars.

WRECK ON THE HARLEM ROAD.

Three Men Badly Hurt in Collision at Melrose Freight Yard.

A Freight Train Telescoped by an Express Through a Miscalculated Switch.

A misplaced switch caused a collision in the Melrose freight yard of the Harlem Railroad, at One Hundred and Sixty-second Street and Railroad Avenue at 7:40 o'clock this morning.

Three trainmen were very seriously wounded. Their names are:

George H. Manning, 37 years old, freeman, had his right ankle badly injured. He was taken to the Harlem Hospital.

WALTER DEXTER, conductor, had his right wrist broken. He was taken to the Grand Central Depot.

FACED H. MADSEN, brakeman, living at One Hundred and Sixty-second Street and Washington Avenue, had his right hip broken. His injuries are such that at the Harlem Hospital, where he was taken, it is thought doubtful if he recovers.

A special train of the American Express Company, under the charge of Conductor Dexter, left the Grand Central Depot at 7:30, bound north.

It ran at moderate speed until the Melrose yard was reached, where, by reason of a switch being turned the wrong way, the train ran on a siding, and before it could be stopped came in collision with a south-bound freight train standing there.

The impact of the two trains gave a terrible shock to the cars, and all the trainmen and expressmen were very badly shaken up. They were panic-stricken for a few moments, but order was soon restored when it was found that no one was killed.

Two freight cars were telescoped by the locomotive of the express train and completely demolished. The injured men were jammed between the cars of the express train, which were pushed together with terrific force.

The tracks were cleared as rapidly as possible and traffic resumed.

At the Grand Central Depot it was stated that the collision had occurred between a train composed of six engine and a baggage car that had left there at 7 o'clock and a freight train that was on a siding at the Melrose freight yard.

Through a misunderstanding as to a signal the engine and baggage-car, and later of which belonged to the American Express Company, ran into the freight train, smashing several of its cars.

The injured men were on the engine and baggage-car. No one was injured on the freight train.

LITERALLY STRANGLING VALUES.

Inducements Offered at the As-aignee's Sale of "The Don's" Stock.

People in search of bargains in Fall and Winter clothing need not go further than the corner of Grand Street and Broadway.

The entire stock of "The Don" must be sold out at once, so the assignee of Max Stadler, the former proprietor of that immense establishment says, and the marking down of prices has been done with a view to a enormous size and length, and has been completely wedged in the hollow as to be unable to move except to open its mouth and wiggle its tail. There was not, however, sufficient evidence to hold her, and she was discharged.

The rest of the Justice's investigations caused him yesterday to get out warrants for the arrest of Claus, his wife and their son. This was done under the belief that the Claus family were taking children to nurse without permission from the local Board of Health.

Two constables and a reporter went to serve the warrants. They found Claus digging a trench in front of his shanty, in the house was the old woman.

When the officers told Mrs. Claus that she must go with them, she pointed to the dead body of an infant boy about four months old, which lay in a cradle with copper center on the floor. She declared that she could not leave it.

She was assured that the dead child would be taken care of, and then she declared that there was another. That was found sleeping on a bed, evidently under the influence of a narcotic, and was taken to the hospital, where it was said that it will undoubtedly die.

While the officers were there a woman gave her name as Josephine Kuehne, and said she was the mother of the dead child, arrived at the hut. She appeared in no way discomposed, and calmly handed \$10 to Mrs. Claus, saying it was for the child's burial. She was also taken into custody. She said she lived at 207 West Fortieth Street, New York.

An autopsy held to-day upon the body of the dead child, by Drs. Wickham and Booth, showed that it had come to its death from opium poisoning.

Young Claus was arrested in the evening when he came home from his work in New York.

From the police records it is learned that since suspicion first fell on the Claus family thirty-eight infants have been abandoned on the streets of the localities named above. How many more have died under the ministrations of the fiendish old couple is, of course, only a matter of conjecture. But enough is known to fill the entire community with horror.

It is the police theory that they were in regular communication with the woman Karol, and that among them they had done a thriving trade in the murder of the innocents.

SAVED FROM DEATH, CHARGED WITH BABY MURDER.

Thousands of Poor Sick Babies Rescued by the Free Physicians.

Assistance Unstinted in the Crowded Tenement-Houses.

Food and Clothing Given to Deserving Families.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged..... \$7,480 00

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Fast Freight.

Axious Inquirer—I have called to ask about a carload of merchandise shipped to me from New York. It should have been here in June, over a month ago.

Freight Representative—Yes, and delivery promised in ten days.

Axious Inquirer—When did you say it was shipped?

Freight Representative—Turning over his book, he said:

Axious Inquirer—Swoons. Freight Representative lights a fresh cigar.

A Startling Revelation.

Young Masher (to property man's assistant)—I say—aw—can I have a word with her—aw—I mean Miss Schwilch, the little ballet dancer.

South City—No, she is not at liberty just now, but if you have anything to give her—have you read Carlyle?

She—No; who wrote it?

At Newport.

She—I have been doing a great deal of reading this summer. I have always been fond of reading.

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At Newport.

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OUR OLD UMBRELLAS.

Some Relics of the Past Held Invaluable by Their Owners.

Nearing the End of a Highly Interesting Contest.

Tales Told in Competition for the Gold Double Eagle.

Saved by Filial Obedience.

One day during a heavy shower my mother sent me to the store of an errand and I took up a small umbrella, which stood in the corner, but my father said not to take it but to go and get his umbrella, which was much stronger and better.

Now I would rather do anything than carry that horrible old green thing, as I called it, but I dare not disobey, so I had to take it along with me, thinking every one was looking and laughing at me.

Suddenly I heard a dreadful crash, and something heavy had hit the umbrella. Imagine my surprise when I looked behind and saw that an immense flower pot had fallen from the window of a flat, and only for that stanch old umbrella I should not have lived to write this story, which is entirely true. That old umbrella has been held in reverence by us all ever since.

JENNIE KEEFE.

A Judge of Physiognomy.

To the Editor:

A few years ago a gentleman was making purchases at a prominent uptown retail establishment. He laid his gold-headed umbrella on the counter beside him. Near by a lady was making purchases. Her umbrella also rested on the counter.

On taking her departure by mistake she had taken the gentleman's umbrella and only discovered the fact as she neared her residence, when she discovered the initials A. B. marked on the handle.

She immediately returned to the store, and on making known her business received the following note from the office of the firm, which had been left by the gentleman:

That lady had too honest a face to knowingly take my umbrella, and it will be returned. It was signed with the initials which were on the handle. Her umbrella remained untouched. A. W. K.

Value of a Stout Umbrella.

To the Editor:

Some years ago I was in business out West and was doing well. One Winter night I left my store after seeing a lady safe and on my way home entered a book-store, where I remained in conversation with a friend for some time. On leaving I remembered I had left my umbrella standing inside my office door. I at once retraced my steps. On reaching my office I was surprised to find the door unlocked. Entering hastily I was amazed to find my bookkeeper ransacking my safe. He be turned his started stare towards me I seized my umbrella and struck him a heavy blow, rendering him unconscious. After his arrest, he confessed to having intended to rob me and then to fire the store. He had procured duplicates of the office and safe keys, and trusted to the first opportunity to make the safe was old. Needless to say, a new bookkeeper, a new safe and a new lock were speedily procured, but not a new umbrella, as by its means I was saved from ruin.

D. M. SERVICE.

Bound to Get Back Home.

From Judge.

"Jaymuth, of Utica, is in town for a big spree," said a New York Central official.

"How do you know? Did he tell you?" "No, but the first thing he did on getting off the train was to buy a return ticket to Utica."

The Shoe Brush Gone.

I won't miss it. A bottle of Wolff's ACME Blacking

and a sponge to keep my shoes washed clean, save a deal of labor and shoe leather.

PIK-RON sold in Paint, Drug and Housefurnishing Stores.

WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE. FURNISH all the best of the art in the world.

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